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munion of St. Jerome, signor. You see the old man with his hands in this way, and leaning back—that signor, is St. Jerome, and the good priest is giving him the wine. This, signor, is like the picture by Domenichino at the Vatican in Rome. You have been to Rome, signor? My husband, when he was alive, once went to Rome, and he's been dead nearly, if not quite—*Ave Maria sancta Mater, exaudi nos*—Yes, signor, what was I saying? Was it about the picture? the beautiful picture. Yes, signor, you are right—*Gloria Patri et Filio et spiritu sancto, cum erat in principio nunc est et erit semper*—you are right, signor, it is a beautiful picture—*tanto bello bello bello bello bello bello b'lo b'lo b'lo b'lo b'lo b'lo b'lo b'lo*—and my poor dead husband always used to be very fond of it. He was a good husband, signor. Ah! *che buon uomo! Tanto buono buono buono buono buono bo'n bo'n b'n b'n b'n!* If you, signor, had ever lost a husband, you would know—*Agnus Dei exaudi nos, sancta Mater exaudi nos*—you would know, signor, what it is to lose one. Yes, signor, you are right, this is quite a new picture, just put here five years ago on Easter morning. It is by Bruni of Siena, and well do I remember the day, for I had the rheumatism very bad in my left foot; did you ever have the rheumatism, signor? And, as I was saying before, that this picture—*Ora pro nobis Sancta Dei Genitrix*—what was I saying? Oh! about my husband; yes, signor, he was *such* a good man. Stop, signor, till I draw the curtain—*Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis*—there, signor, is not that a wonderful picture? It is by Vanni, and represents the Baptism of Constantine. The figure you see bending over so, is Constantine, and the one with his hand stretched out so is the Holy Papa. What a beautiful picture, signor! *Che bel quadro! Ah! Tanto bello bello bello bello bello bello bello bello bello bello b'lo b'lo b'lo b'lo!* But, signor, it is not as fine as Domenichino's. Ah! signor, what a great painter—*Filii Redemptor mundi Deus, miserere nobis*—what was I saying, signor, oh! about the rheumatism; yes, signor, I had it very bad indeed, and my husband had it too. Oh! signor, if you ever had the rheumatism you would pray to the Madonna to cure you. Nine years, signor, ever since my poor husband died—you don't use snuff, signor?—ever since he died, I have been in this church of San Agostino to show the pictures, and I know them all by heart. Oh! signor, my husband, even when he had the rheumatism, was such a good man! *Che buon uomo! Tanto buono buono buono buono buono bo'n bo'n b'n b'n b'n!* Yes,

signor, the picture of Domenichino is by far the best in the church, and for my part—*Gloria Patri et Filio et spiritu sancto, cum erat in principio, nunc est et erit semper.*”

With such incoherent ravings, all uttered in the weakest and most piping of voices, and during the short Latin prayers, subsiding into an almost inaudible murmur, did the venerable cicerone “explain” the pictures. One may think the mixture of such pious supplications with the most ordinary of worldly gossip as profane. Not so did the old lady. As she passed any one of the numerous altars, she would drop on her knees, rattle off the holy words, and rising, again resume the conversation, though often even this little exercise was sufficient to cause her enfeebled mind to lose the thread of her reflections, if such her jargon could be called. There was something saddening as well as amusing in all this, and on leaving the church, I carried away with me a much more vivid recollection of the poor old woman than of the pictures she had so characteristically exhibited.

A NOVEL VIEW OF SHAKSPEARE'S GENIUS.

WE have encountered a curious book called *A New Exegesis of Shakspeare*, written to enforce a theory that the great dramatist, intuitively if not with premeditation, delineated his masterly characters on the principle of a distinction of races. The author takes four of Shakspeare's characters and analyzes them accordingly; Iago as the type of the Romano-Italic race, Hamlet as the type of the Teutonic, Macbeth as the type of the Celtic, and Shylock as the type of the Hebrew race. Human nature, abstractly considered, is set aside by this writer for a race standard. Hamlet, it seems, acted as he did, not because he was a man, subject to all the ills that flesh is heir to, but because being a Teuton he had to act in conformity with Teutonic conditions; and so with Macbeth and the others, each according to ethnological fatality. In elaborating this theory, the author reveals new ideas, and he illustrates them with great subtlety and ingenuity. There is method in his madness, if it be such. We have no verdict, pro or con. We are content, in such cases, to let the mad wags have their way, to preach and criticise *ad libitum*, while we sit by enjoying their science as indifferent to the principles involved as an English lord at a prize-fight, or an artist studying human nature at Donnybrook fair.

What a tilting-ground Shakspeare affords for theorists! Some minds aspire to an equality of

sympathy and capacity with him by correcting the punctuation of his plays and elucidating obscure lines; others, by attaching the poet to their own specific calling, whether it be an attorney's clerk or an apothecary's apprentice; clergymen insist on his orthodoxy, and scholars contend for his learning; the agricultural and commercial classes, if they had emerged from newspaper thralldom so as to read, write or think about him at all, would doubtless swear Shakspeare was a farmer and a merchant. Even the women enter the lists, but oh, how ungratefully! How could any woman deprive one, "in apprehension like a God," of fair-won honors, by bestowing them upon another? How could any woman bring herself to pronounce the author of the Sonnets the same with him who wrote the essay on Love! Better had she tried to prove Shakspeare a woman *de facto*, on grounds similar to those advanced to prove him a lawyer—perfect knowledge of the sex—a knowledge far surpassing that adduced to show he compassed the mysteries of courts and pleadings. With all these precedents, why should not an original and subtle mind take up Shakspeare and prove that his genius grasped intuitively the subject of races, that he anticipated the slow brains of the nineteenth century? There is no reason why, and the best proof of it lies in the fact that it has been done.

What race the author of the new Exegesis belongs to we can only guess at. The work is published in Scotland, and on its appearance was favorably noticed by Scotch journals, the English journals, on the other hand, tossing it off their editorial tables with perfect contempt. They had good reason for doing so, as will appear hereafter. There is an eloquent defence of the Irish in the work, one which warrants a surmise in favor of Irish authorship. Wherever his birth-place may be, certain it is the author is a Celt, for Macbeth is his favorite study, and this Celtic type is the one he evidently knows most about. His proclivities and sympathies are unmistakably Celtic as well as the elements of his literary power. His style, however, possesses anything but Celtic clearness and intelligibility. In some places it is difficult to master his thought on account of peculiar terms, and again on account of our ignorance. The author supposes his readers to be know-somethings instead of know-nothings, and he writes up to a learned standard of expression. We are disposed to repudiate this weakness of his; we shrink from encountering it as children accustomed to smooth faces shrink back from strange, bearded men. We accordingly skip over these passages in our quotations, as we

did in perusing the book, referring the reader, if he wishes them, to the book itself. We quote no words "too massy for your strength," reader.

We must pass the analysis of Iago, whose character was never so cunningly misrepresented, for the more interesting passages in the chapter on Hamlet. In all cases the general characteristics of the respective races are given before entering upon an analysis of the type. The Teuton is thus described:

The leading marks of this powerful race will be admitted to be these. In the highest or mental order, the faculty of reflection as distinguished from the passive receptivity of the senses. In morality, the test of conscience as against religious tradition. In politics, the strife of liberty in opposition to authority, and of the interests of the person against the interests of the public. In philosophy, metaphysics, as contrasted with scholastics, or, in the native phrase, the subjective in preference to the objective. In fine, in body, the muscularity befitting this complex struggle, and in manners a correlative degree of roughness and insensibility. In all things an organical introversion upon self, in opposition to the Roman race, whose gaze was outward upon nature.

On the other hand, and corresponding to these invaluable qualities, there is a drawback of defects or of excesses thence resulting. In reflection, which seeks the differences, the negations, the particulars, the excess is a disorderly and blind empiricism, or the mere visions of the mind itself when it endeavors to produce some order; the defect is a debility of ratiocinative combination. The test of conscience has a like tendency to dissolution of moral rule, since everybody should respect his own monitor, and for the moment: hence the ludicrous profession, that each conscience must be right, and at the same time that all are right, on the same principle, though all be different; hence, in conduct, a licentiousness of censure and invective which this monitor commissions against all things that do not suit it, and a vagueness of resolution, for want of principles fixed exteriorly, while the difficulty is contemplated, and till obtruded physically. The excess incident to liberty is too disputed to be made a test. The foible of metaphysics is a sickly psychicality which constitutes the universe upon its human apex, and then explores it, *à rebours*, with a microscopical minuteness that tends to the destruction of all coherence in thought itself. The muscularity and bluntness sink to brow-beating and brutality, and the concentrated personality into an all-engrossing selfishness. These various properties, good and evil, consort like sections of the same sphere, and therefore need no nice detachment, as they answer for each other mutually. The thesis is, that they supply the true and full interpretation of the character of Hamlet and the composition of Shakspeare.

Of these various tests of character, the "test of Conscience" is oftenest discussed. "The word is found repeatedly upon the lips of Hamlet," says the author, and "never once mentioned

in the Celtic play of *Macbeth*," which fact is curious, to say the least. Conscience he regards as a peculiarly English hobby: "The highest function in the English government is the keeping of the royal conscience."

Most of the treatises on ethics in the English language, are treatises on conscience, very many of them in even the title; and then they also exceed in number, not merely those of any other, but, perhaps, those of all the other European languages together. . . . There was, then, as early as 1602, Perkins, "On the whole Treatment of Cases of *Conscience*." Taylor, in 1643, "On *Conscience*, with the power and the cases thereof." The following are remembered as succeeding at various intervals: Hall, "On Cases of *Conscience*," Sander-son, "Cases of *Conscience*," Jeremy Taylor, "The Rule of *Conscience*."

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Long before the earliest of the theologians named, the Conscience was a favorite topic of the English stage. In 1581 there is registered a play called "The Conflict of Conscience." And about the same date, a piece with a title significant of long and popular familiarity, namely, "Robin Conscience."

Conscience he holds to be simply *individual* interest and the basis of metaphysical selfishness.

Muscularity is another Teutonic attribute most observable in

—a vigorous and voracious stomach; a blessing which is known to distinguish the English. So deeply real and highly rated has it been throughout the race, that the chief religious ceremony of the Northmen was a *feast*, and a feast, moreover, of *horse-flesh*. It was (with reverence be it spoken) a species of Host or communion with these people, who paid worship to the horse. They made voracity an attribute of even their divinities. Witness the passage of the Edda called "Thor's Journey," which describes the divine contests, among others, between Lopt and Loke; who, pitted at the two ends of a hugh trough of meat, were to vie who should the sooner eat his way to the middle. The one had only eaten the meat, but left the bones; the other devoured meat, bones, trough, and all together. It may be humbly submitted that the ideal of the myth would be improved had he been made to eat his adversary also.

In a theory of muscularity, the natural penance of course for indulgence, is fasting, and this is thus illustrated. Hamlet's father is the ghost alluded to:

The Scandinavian Ghost, all spirit though he be, has not put off the greed of eating. He places as the climax of his description of hell, to be compelled "to *FAST* in *fire*." The expression is Homeric in its naïve intensity. It says that, to a Teuton, the fiercest torments of purgatory are but second to, or insignificant compared with, those of fasting. And this reminds one of two facts of long and positive history, and which will doubtless set the meaning of Shakspeare at rest. The one is,

that fasting remains, through trial by jury, still the sanction and inspirer of English jurisprudence. The other is that, in the English monasteries, in exception to all others, the prime punishment throughout the middle ages for misconduct, was to curtail the pious delinquents of a breakfast or dinner.

The importance of the stomach in English economy is attested by a fact perhaps more curious and conclusive still, than even the juridical and the monastic usages. It will be best presented in the language of a native poet. Prior, in the ingenious peregrinations of his "*Alma*," makes her take in the youth of his own country the following guise:

To master John the *English* maid
A hornbook gives of gingerbread;
And that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter:
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells and gnaws from left to right.

This was surely "to teach the young idea how to shoot" from the substantial root of things. Accordingly, the practice pursues John through after life. He may be seen on any day at the desks of the Museum library, not perhaps spelling, but even writing and at the same time "gnawing" apace; sometimes too with his croc of butter, and in snug cases even his flask, to the ineffable disgust of every serious non-English student. The thing, however, it must be owned, is a sovereign recipe against your visionary theorizing, and goes for much in "the practical and conscientious Gothic mind." And that the passage to this mind through the stomach was no accident, is proved by another horn-book devised for the national infancy. To allure the Anglo-Saxons to learn to read, the wily priesthood of Rome soon discovered the expedient of sending them some missals printed in *gold* letters. Forthwith these wild men became riveted to the page, and gospel light as well as letters entered, through the magic metal, these huge children by the eyes, as "Master John" by the œsophagus.

Fashion, remotely connected with this train of thought, is brought in:

It is the feature that first arrests the eye of a continental traveller on passing to London. To keep to the bare person, the barbers' shops are hung with curls; the locks and whiskers (when there is sufficient to afford purchase to the irons) are curled on the very policemen, more especially the most muscular and jolly of the "force." The ladies, young or old, are scarcely ever without ringlets. It is curious that the curling-tongs was the chief implement of civilization imported by our grandmothers from the regions of the Baltic. The Germans wore, says Juvenal, the hair twisted into horns—*cæsariem torquentem cornua*. At the other extremity of the gentilitial history, we had, not many years ago, a memorable monarch, of whom the nation boasted as "the first gentleman of Europe," apparently for wearing the best frizzled wig. So that Shakspeare makes Ophelia pay the type of this race no unmeaning or moderate compliment; and Hamlet himself, in describing his father, does not omit "*Hyperion's curls*."

We leave Teuton character for Celtic, passing, however, Macbeth, as the chapter on this type offers few extractable passages. When we go to see the play, which personage interests us most, Macbeth or Lady Macbeth? "All hail, Macbeth!" but *place aux dames!* He brings them in, in a chapter entitled "Secondary Characters," (how ungallant!) supporting his theory, like many other theorists, by referring to them. What he says is a fitting close to our present notice of the work.

Macbeth would never, with a Teuton wife, have breasted enterprises good or evil. She would have lounged by his side "at home," and listened to his endless projects, and seen nothing but amusement in his dreams of the Weird Sisters. On the other hand, the Celtic sarcasm and spirit of his actual partner would play in vain against a stolid, obstinate, or self-willed husband of the other race; and the collision of her domineering instincts with his own would soon conduct her, as complainant, to Doctors' Commons or the police courts. Witness both the fewness and fate of English wives from France.

It is familiar that the French women of at least the lower classes are said to rule, not alone the household, but even the husband and his department. They are invariably, in the cities, the cashiers of the small traders, and continue the concern in the case of the husband's death. Vast factories—among the largest of the empire, perhaps of Europe—are at this moment worked by widows, and reputed for model management. How many dozen English merchants would trust their counting-houses to their wives, between the Scylla and Charybdis of the milliners and the mistakes? Female clerks are even in Dublin far less singular than in London.

This fact-established superiority, as well of energy as head, is maintained equally upon ascending to the higher classes in both the races. What has rendered for centuries the *salons* of Paris as famous and as formidable for their politics as for their wit; while those of London are still more nameless for the former than even the latter? How come the women even of fashion to be keen and active politicians, in a nation whose men know little and care less about such matters; * while, on the other hand, the ladies of the land of "self-government" scarce ever enter into statesmanship beyond the names of Whig and Tory? This is surely a double contrast that should have earlier attracted notice. It is explained, and was embodied by Shakspeare's genius in the contrast between the females of the plays of Hamlet and Macbeth. The very courtesans, who, often less for pleasure or parade than pure ambition,

* It is well known that the women of the working-class in Paris are prime agents in kindling the *émeutes* and revolutions. The very fishwomen (*dames des Halles*) are a political power. Witness the visit made them in their savory reception-rooms by Napoleon III. on his ascending the throne, and their reception at the palace on the birth of his son. This must be assuredly a climax of confirmation.

have sought the favor of kings of France, have more than once evinced a statesmanship of both profundity and beneficence. In England the very queens have displayed nothing of this kind. The few of any energy and intellect were Celtic. The wife of the Conqueror, the "good Queen Maude" of Scotland, and the heroic Margaret of Anjou, exhaust the number. Compare with the last, in point of character and conduct, the two queens of the rival "Roses," both contemporary and native, and the contrast will be found no bad example of the races: it is furnished to the reader as if expressly in Richard III., where the two English women only *scold*, to be forthwith cajoled again. Queen Elizabeth was prosperous, for she personified the nation; but her policy was mere selfishness with its tenacity, guile and cruelty; it had nothing of the positive and leading character of intellect, nor was it tried by those adversities that are the tests of moral greatness; her well-known pettiness and childish vanities were incompatible with either, although they do not tell so badly, being a trait of the race in general. It is a case of the "curling" passion from the prince to the policeman.

In fine, advancing to the highest form of this female energy, the heroic, the Celtic race alone produced the patriot heroines of modern history, in Scotland, in Spain, and more especially in France. Who does not see in the social aim, the well-planned purpose, and firm nerve of Charlotte Corday, a genuine kinswoman of Lady Macbeth? The other day a young French girl, in a foreign and fanatic city, while her parents are murdered and she herself wounded, instead of fainting or flying, fights and vanquishes like a dragoon. For two years back English women have been massacred all over India, and the thousand trumpets that stood ready to resound the slightest semblance of an act of heroism have been forced to remain silent. Nor is it only in modern times, but if we look to the ancient also, and mark the Britons as they flit across the vista of a generation, from the wilderness of the unknown into the void of annihilation, we seize in transit full three females whose names will live as long as history. There is first, the brave, the eloquent, and the graceful queen of the Iceni. Then Cartismandua, the queen of the Brigantes, who reigned and led her troops, though she had a husband living. Finally Queen Marcia, celebrated for her laws—the adoption of which appears to have obtained for King Alfred the title of the Anglo-Saxon lawgiver. The very fact of those women being allowed to lead their troops, and to rule in their own right the most warlike of the British tribes, would of itself be sufficient to prove the sex superior. Another fact to the same purpose is much more noted, but as unexplained. It is that the Picts, who were a portion of the same people, ran the descent of their kings, not in the male, but the *female* line. The Irish pretend this to be the consequence of a compact by which they gave these people some princesses for their monarchs; or, as Bede has it, wives for the whole population, the Picts having migrated from Scythia without women. But this was but the ex-post-facto explanation of a strange custom. With the ancient Cantabrians, who likewise were Celts, the daughters were preferred in

the inheritance of even property. It was really against the ambition of the Celtic women that the Teutonic Franks established the "Salic law." There was no need of it at home, where the women were Teutonic. Such were, then, the Celtic females from the present to the earliest times—back to Boadicea, nay, to Penthesilea; for the Amazons (fact or fable) belonged to the same race.

See, in Justin, Trogus Pompeius, who was himself a Celt. It is curious that the name of this Amazonian queen is radically Celtic, both in form and significance. The *Pen* means, in the dialect of Wales and Brittany, the head, and metaphorically in titular names a chieftain or sovereign; as in the families *Penhoen*, *Penthievre*, and in *Pendragon*. The foundation of the ludicrous tales about the Amazons was probably the deference accorded them by their husbands, at a time and in a region where the rest of the sex were slaves. In fact these husbands got the nickname of *γυναικοκρατορμεναι*; that is, woman or wife-ruled, as was noted of the present French. In the east as in the west the ability of the Celtic women is remarked by ancient writers, from Polybius to Plutarch. The former records the instance of a Gallo-Græcian matron, which will combine another illustration in a future note. In speaking of the equally heroic Eponina, Dr. Smith, in his Dictionary of Ancient Geography—in which the Gauls are treated with a creditable candor—observes, that "she was one of the illustrious women of Gaul; for, adds he, it is one of the characteristics of the nation to produce women above the common stamp." The question whether the Cimbri were Celtic or Teutonic might be aided by the circumstance recorded of their women, that they rushed into the battle, and with their naked arms tried to tear aside the shields that covered the Romans, in order to give play to the claymores of their husbands.

VIRTUE sinks deepest into the heart of man when it comes recommended by the powerful charms of poetry. The most active principle in our mind is the imagination; to it a good poet makes his court perpetually, and by this faculty takes care to gain it first. Our passions and inclinations come over next; and our reason surrenders itself, with pleasure, in the end. Thus, the whole soul is insensibly betrayed into morality, by bribing the fancy with beautiful and agreeable images of those very things that in the books of the philosophers appear austere. . . . The poets strew the rough paths of virtue so full of flowers, that we are not sensible of the uneasiness of them; and imagine ourselves in the midst of pleasures, and the most bewitching allurements, at the time we are making progress in the severest duties of life.—*Steele*.

LET us remember that the analytic spirit of the age may kill as well as instruct, and may do harm as well as good; that while it quickens the pulse, strengthens the eye and the arm, and adds cunning to the fingers, it may, if carried to excess, confuse the vision, stupefy and madden the brain; and instead of directing, derange and destroy.—*John Brown, M.D.*

THE ROSE OF HARLEM.

(Translated for THE CRAYON, from the German of A. Von Sternberg.)

It is a touching story—that of two hearts, when they have yearned and must part. To tell such usually requires but a few words, yet these must contain the germ of melancholy thought, and there are visions and interpretations in them too, that deeply pertain to life's inscrutable enigma. The following is such a tale.

Our renowned gallery [Dresden] has a picture, which is the work of a painter of world-wide fame, and upon it he has lavished the fullness of his art; yet it is not for this, but for the singular impulse it incites in us, that it is mostly remarked. It represents a young maiden, sitting at a table, with a score of music before her. She touches her guitar as if she indicated the accompaniment of a song. She is alone; and not an eye remarks the emotion of a soul trembling with desponding thought. Thousands have sung in this same way before, and thousands must sing so yet—it is the secret by which the heart can alone taste the perfect sweetness of an almost divine art.

The light and beautiful contour of the girl, the fashion of her hair, her satin vestments trimmed with fur, as well as the marble fireplace of the apartment represented, mark the maiden to be of the rich and privileged class. Yet more than garments and surroundings could show, her fine and gentle mien, pale features, and in the eye's spiritual expression, named a sorrow in her heart.

Adrian Von Delft was a famous jurist, whom the course of his business led to leave his native Harlem, to make a sojourn, with his family, in the city of Lyons; for his presence there, as a counsellor, was necessary at all times in a suit which he was at this period conducting. Here, in a strange land, his wife died, and he was left with a daughter now fast growing to womanhood. Deeply occupied with his affairs, he found little time to give way to melancholy dreams. Not so with Margaret, the daughter, dearly beloved as she had been by her mother, who now found herself committed to the care of an old nurse.

In the house of the merchant Bertholet, where the parent and child now lived, luxury abounded, but in the guise of a golden sorrow. Their host was a churlish old bachelor, who thought of but little else beside his accounts, and never spent time but upon matters that were to redound to the credit of his firm. Adrian, on the other hand, could appreciate the worth of art—he even collected some costly pictures; and being further a